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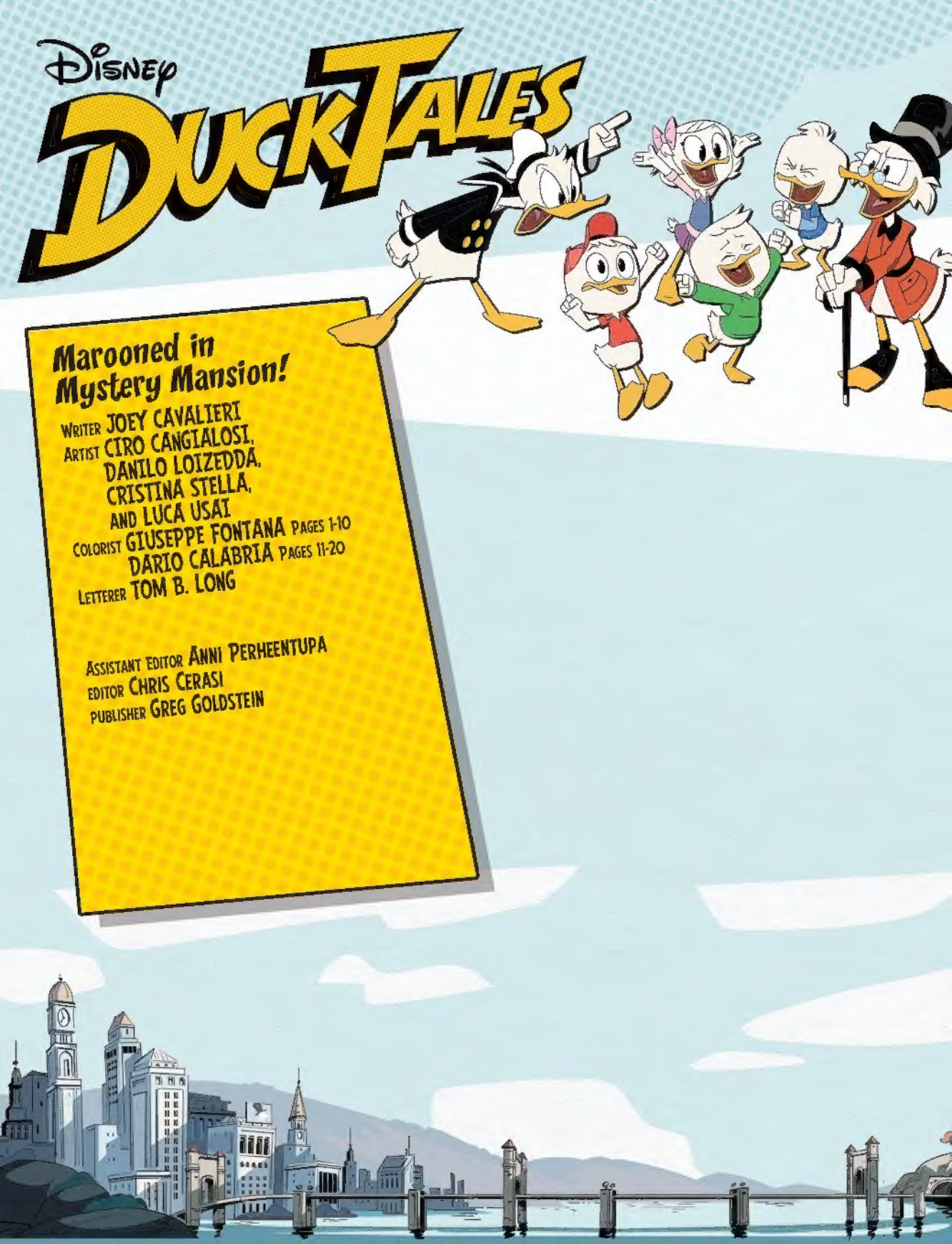
COMICS



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Disney DuckTales

MAROONED IN MYSTERY MANSION!

A THREAT!
SLAM

A THREAT TO THE VERY SANCTITY OF THE MCDUCK ARCHIVE AND THE PROFESSIONALISM OF MY JOB! AND TO YOU AS WELL!
IT'S THE WORK OF AN EVIL ADVERSARY!

HOWEVER... HOW DID AN ADVERSARY INFILTRATE THE ARCHIVE TO ERASE AN ENTIRE WEEK FROM YOUR DIARIES WHILE I WAS DIGITALIZING THEM?
AND WHY?
AYE, I SEE NO REASON, MS. QUACKFASTER.

I JUST SEE—OR DON'T SEE—A MISSING WEEK... A WEEK UNRECORDED! THERE'S NO ENTRY FOR IT ANYWHERE!
SEE? THE WEEK BEFORE WAS ROME, RENAISSANCE ART SALES, AND RAVIOLI!
THE WEEK AFTER WAS REYKJAVIK, RIVER RAFTING, AND ROCK LOBSTER!

NO MATTER. IT WILL TAKE ME A SECOND TO RECALL AND RECOUNT MY WHEREABOUTS THAT WEEK FOR THE ANNALS NOW, YOU'LL SEE!

THAT WEEK, I TRAVELED TO...
THAT IS TO SAY, I JOURNEYED TO...

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! INCOMPREHENSIBLE, INEXPLICABLE!
A CASE TO BE INVESTIGATED! A MYSTERY TO BE SOLVED!
WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER THAT WEEK?!

I CAN RECALL ANYTHING!
I CAN RECITE MY SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER! MY DRIVER'S LICENSE! THE EXACT AMOUNT OF MY INCOME FROM THIRTY YEARS AGO ON THE THIRTEENTH OF AUGUST!

WELL, WHILE YOU KEEP LOOKING FOR THAT WEEK, I'LL KEEP DIGITALIZING EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DIGITALIZED!
I'LL FIND THAT WEEK, MS. QUACK—

"EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DIGITALIZED..."
HERE'S SOMETHING THAT CAN'T. FOR YEARS, I'VE KEPT SOUVENIRS OF MY EXPEDITIONS... LIKE MY ELABORATE COLLECTION OF SNOW GLOBES!

EVEN ON A SUNNY DUCKBURG DAY, THEY TRANSPORT ME BACK TO MY GLORY DAYS IN THE KLONDIKE!

THIS ONE COMMEMORATES MY FIRST GOLD STRIKE!
I GOT THIS FROM SOME GRATEFUL PEOPLE WHEN I DELIVERED SOME THROAT-SOOTHING SERUM ACROSS THE SUBARCTIC!
THESE REPRESENT THE COLDEST PLACES I'VE EVER VENTURED... BUT THIS ONE...
THIS ONE...
...IS ONE OF THOSE HOKEY, JOKEY GAG GIFTS FROM A PLACE A LOT HOTTER THAN DEAR OL' DUCKBURG. AND I GOT IT FROM...
...I GOT IT FROM...
WHERE IN THUNDER DID I GET THIS FROM? IT MUST HAVE BEEN A PLACE THAT WAS NOTHING BUT SUN AND...
...SAGUARO CACTUS...
...SAGUARO...
...SAGUARO...

SAGUARO... THE RHYTHM OF THAT WORD... IT'S LIKE IT'S OPENING AN ECHO CHAMBER IN MY HEAD!
IT SEEMS TO BE STIMULATING MY MEMORY... BUT ABOUT WHAT? WHAT CAN IT MEAN?
WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN I SAY "SAGUARO"?
IF THIS IS AN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY, YOU HAVE MORE MONEY IN YOUR COUCH CUSHIONS THAN I HAVE IN MY BANK ACCOUNT.
SURE, I COULD GO FOR A NICE HOT CUP OF SAGUARO!
IF ENOUGH PEOPLE GO FOR IT, WE COULD OPEN A CHAIN AND GO HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH STARDUCKS!
IT'S A MEXICAN HAT, RIGHT? BUT I LIKE THE ONE YOU HAVE ON, MR. McDEE!
...INDIGENOUS TO THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST, NOTED FOR NOCTURNALLY BLOSSOMING INTO SMALL, PALE FLOWERS TO BE POLLINATED BY ASSORTED SPECIES.
ITS RETENTION OF RAINWATER IS ACHIEVED BY...
YOU CAN NAME ANY CACTUS YOU LIKE, BUT THEY'RE ALIKE IN ONE RESPECT... THEY'RE MURDER TO DUST.

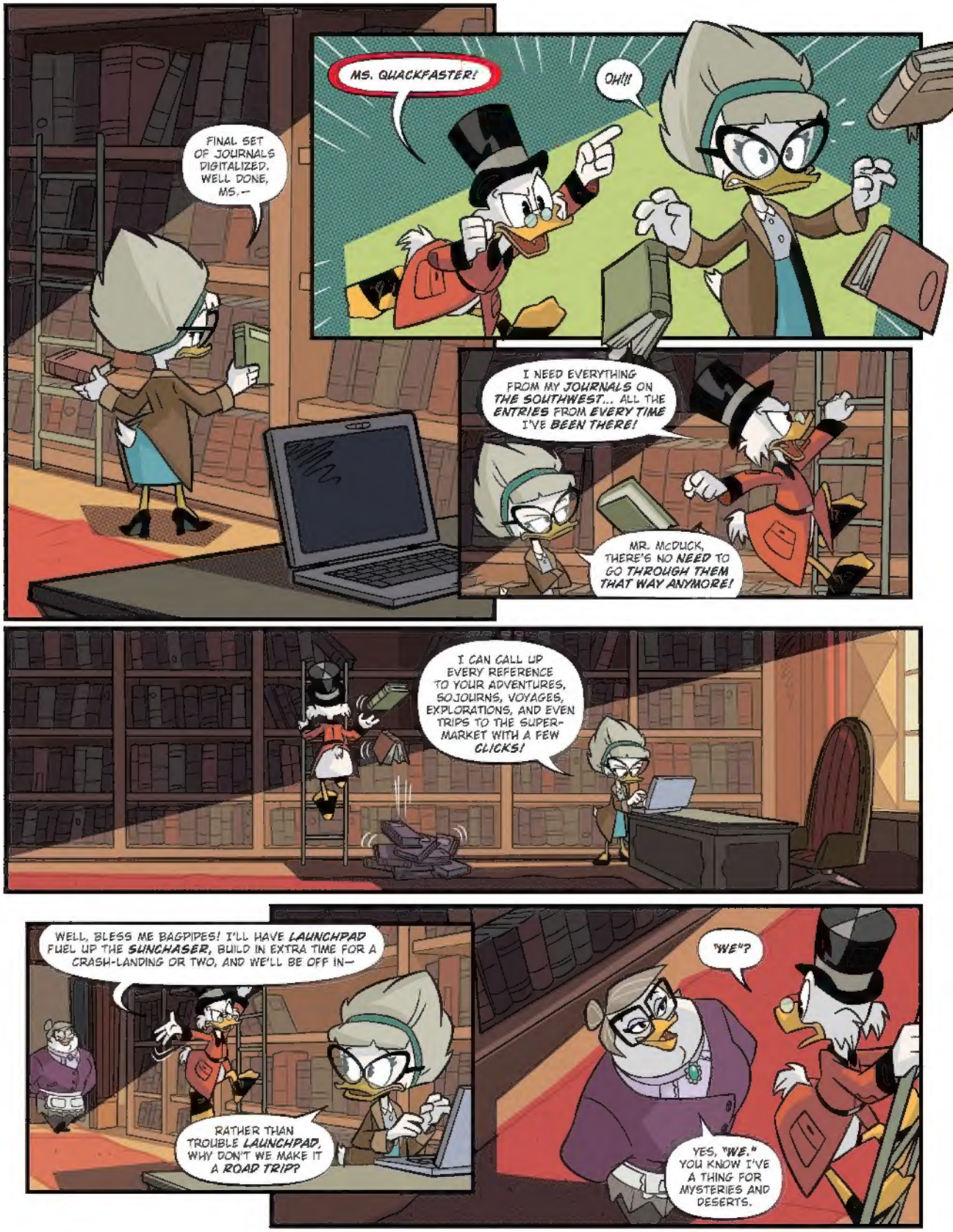
HELPFUL AS EVER, MRS. BEAKLEY.
ONLY NEARLY AS HELPFUL AS GYRO TELLING ME THAT THE SAGUARO SINGULARITY WILL COVER THE EARTH IN 2077.

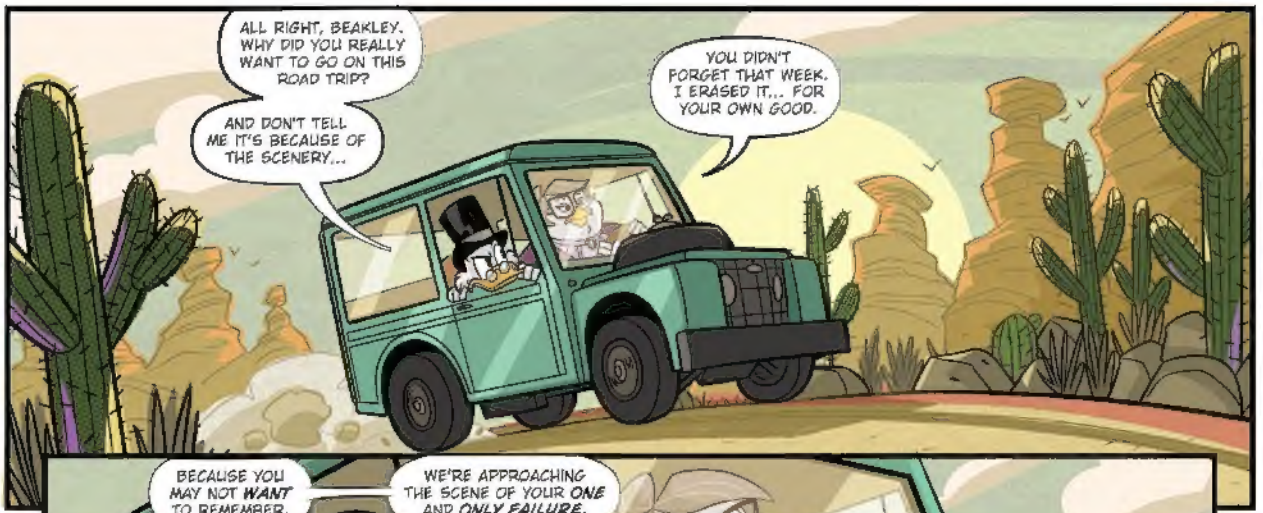
CLICK

ZWOOM

FREQUENCY X. CODE "HOME ON THE RANGE." REPEAT: "HOME ON THE RANGE."
OUR FORMER OPERATIVE IS BEGINNING TO REMEMBER.

THEN HE'S IN MORTAL DANGER.
WHATEVER YOU DO, KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, AGENT 22... YOUR OLD ADVERSARY IS BACK.


FINAL SET OF JOURNALS DIGITALIZED. WELL DONE, MS.—
MS. QUACKFASTER!
OH!!
I NEED EVERYTHING FROM MY JOURNALS ON THE SOUTHWEST... ALL THE ENTRIES FROM EVERY TIME I'VE BEEN THERE!
MR. McDUCK, THERE'S NO NEED TO GO THROUGH THEM THAT WAY ANYMORE!
I CAN CALL UP EVERY REFERENCE TO YOUR ADVENTURES, SOJOURNS, VOYAGES, EXPLORATIONS, AND EVEN TRIPS TO THE SUPER-MARKET WITH A FEW CLICKS!
WELL, BLESS ME BAGPIPES! I'LL HAVE LAUNCHPAD FUEL UP THE SUNCHASER, BUILD IN EXTRA TIME FOR A CRASH-LANDING OR TWO, AND WE'LL BE OFF IN—
RATHER THAN TROUBLE LAUNCHPAD, WHY DON'T WE MAKE IT A ROAD TRIP?
"WE"?
YES, "WE." YOU KNOW I'VE A THING FOR MYSTERIES AND DESERTS.


ALL RIGHT, BEAKLEY. WHY DID YOU REALLY WANT TO GO ON THIS ROAD TRIP?
AND DON'T TELL ME IT'S BECAUSE OF THE SCENERY...
YOU DIDN'T FORGET THAT WEEK. I ERASED IT... FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

BECAUSE YOU MAY NOT WANT TO REMEMBER.
WE'RE APPROACHING THE SCENE OF YOUR ONE AND ONLY FAILURE.
THIS DESERT HEAT IS STARTING TO GET TO ME, AYE?
FOR A SECOND, I THOUGHT YOU SAID SCROOGE McDUCK ONCE FAILED, AND THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.

YOU REMEMBER THAT YOU WERE ONCE MY PRIME OPERATIVE WHEN I WAS AN AGENT OF THE S.H.U.S.H., CORRECT?

"WE WERE SUPPOSED TO RENDEZVOUS WITH A FELLOW AGENT KNOWN AS CACTUS JACK."

"BUT WHEN WE GOT THERE, WE DISCOVERED THAT CACTUS JACK HAD GONE ROGUE, THEN HOLED UP IN HIS HOUSE."

"BUT THE HOUSE HELD A DEATH TRAP!"
HE'S HERE! REMEMBER, WE MUST FACE HIM TOGETHER--
HAHAHAHAHA

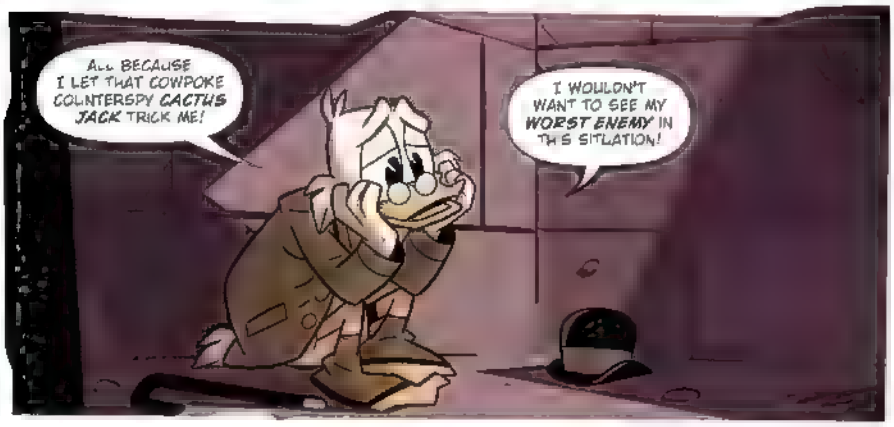
WHAT FOR? I ALREADY FIGURED OUT THAT IS NOT A PORTRAIT!

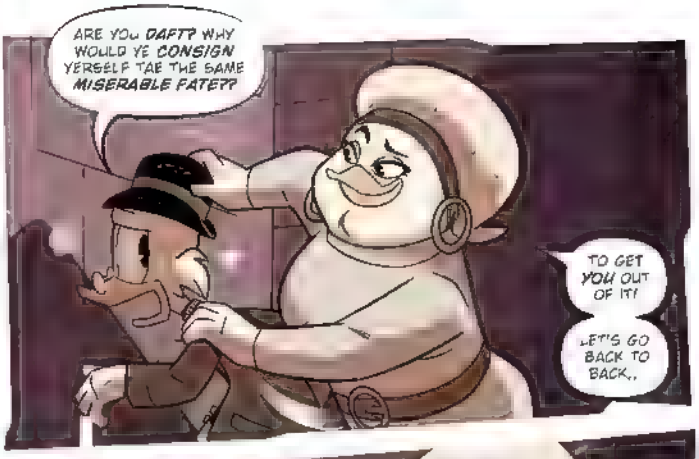
YOU MUST BE THE SMART ONE!
SCROOGE! DON'T APPROACH HIM! CACTUS JACK IS TRICKY!

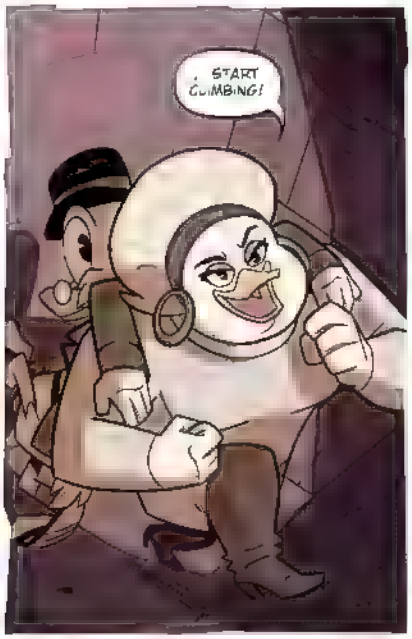
YIIIIIII!
WHY AGENT 22? YOU COULD GIVE ME A BAD REPUTATION
...IF I DIDN'T ALREADY HAVE ONE!

THE SCURRILOUS SCOUNDREL! NO ONE'S EVER HOODWINKED ME THAT WAY BEFORE!
I LET CACTUS JACK GET THE BETTER OF ME.
HE'LL GET AWAY. MAYBE WARN AGENT 22... COMPLETELY MAKE A MOCKERY OF OUR MISSION!
IT'S A—
OOF!
—FAILURE!
AND SO AM I!
WHAT A HUMILIATING WAY TO DIE...
...IN SOME PIT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WITH NO CHANCE OF ESCAPE!

~:ACH!:~ I'M DOOMED.
THE WALLS ARE SHEER... CAN'T GET A FOOTHOLD, OR DIG MY HANDS IN TO CLIMB UP!
THE IRRITATING IGNOMINY OF IT! I'VE LET S.H.U.S.H. DOWN, I'VE LET MY PARTNER, AGENT 22, DOWN.


ALL BECAUSE I LET THAT COWPOKE COUNTERSPY CACTUS JACK TRICK ME!
I WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE MY WORST ENEMY IN THIS SITUATION!





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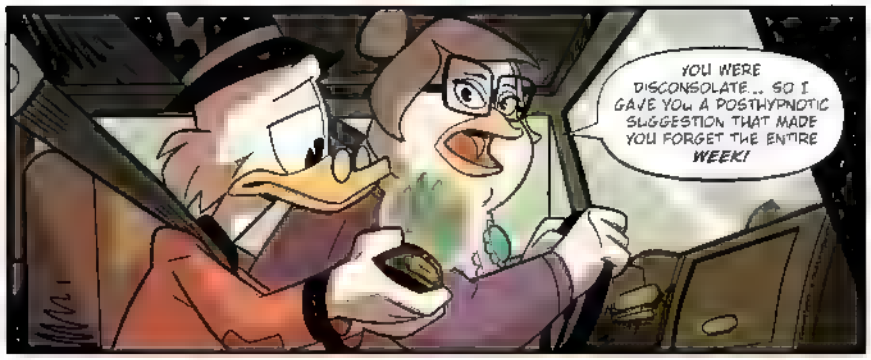
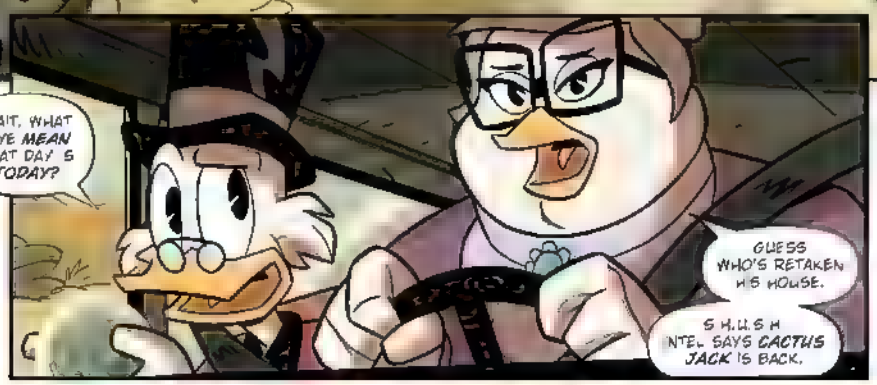
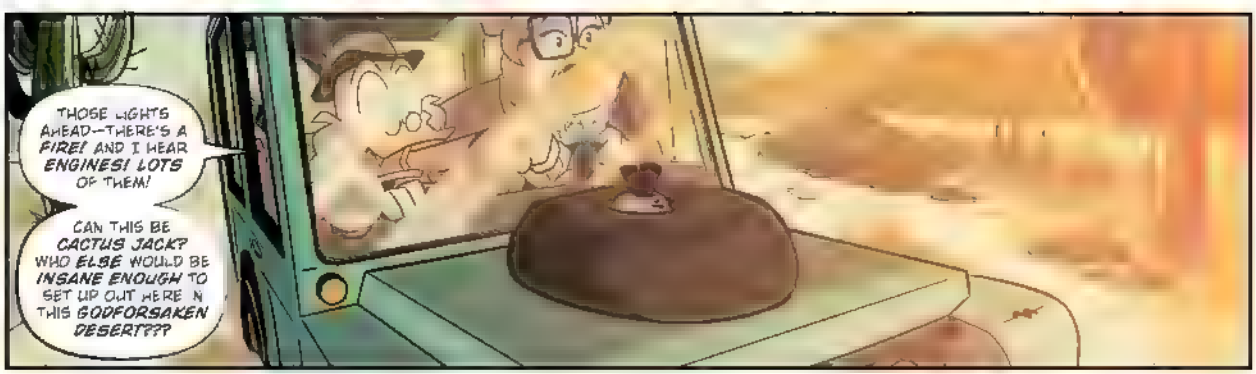

YOU WERE DISCONSOLATE... SO I GAVE YOU A POSTHYPNOTIC SUGGESTION THAT MADE YOU FORGET THE ENTIRE WEEK!

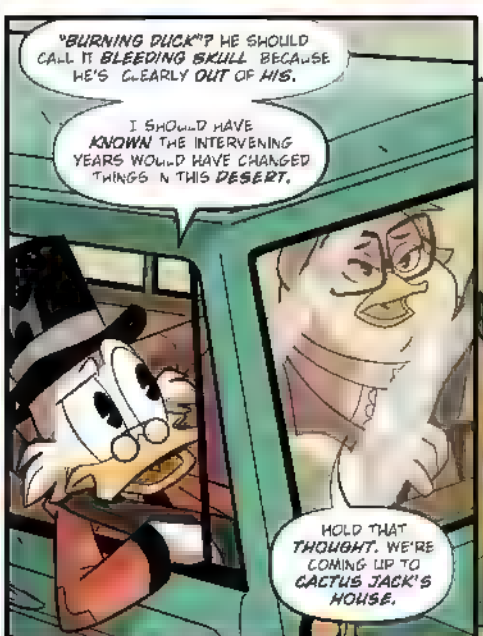
YOUR MEMORIES COULD ONLY BE ACCESSED IF SOMEONE MENTIONED THE UNLIKELY CODE WORD "SAGUARO."
THAT WAS IN CASE WE NEEDED THOSE MEMORIES SOMEDAY. AND THAT DAY IS TODAY.
AND YOU WIPED MY ARCHIVE, TOO. EH? HOW DID YOU—

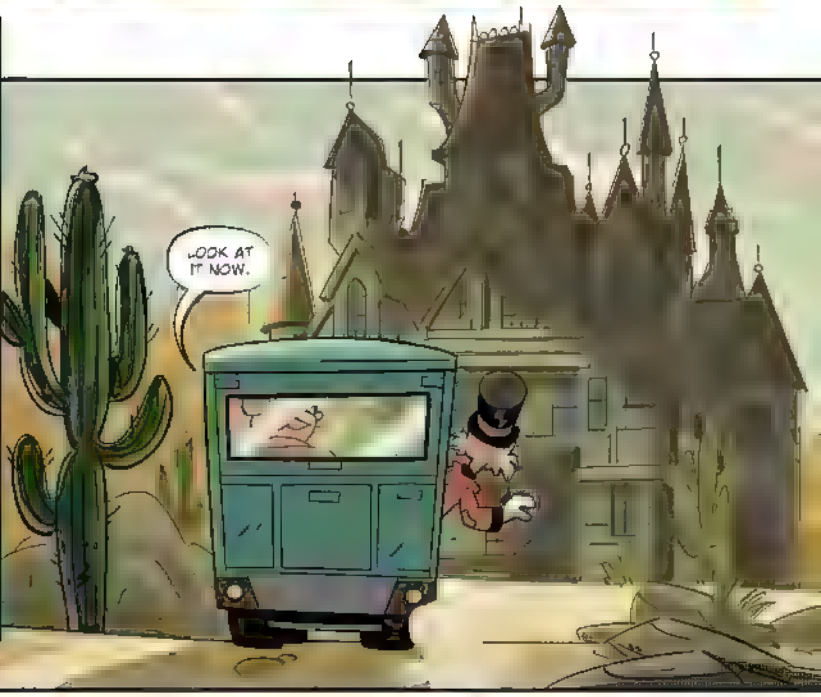

WAIT, WHAT D'YE MEAN THAT DAY IS TODAY?
GUESS WHO'S RETAKEN HIS HOUSE.
S.H.U.S.H INTEL SAYS CACTUS JACK IS BACK.


THOSE LIGHTS AHEAD—THERE'S A FIRE! AND I HEAR ENGINES! LOTS OF THEM!
CAN THIS BE CACTUS JACK? WHO ELSE WOULD BE INSANE ENOUGH TO SET UP OUT HERE IN THIS GODFORSAKEN DESERT???

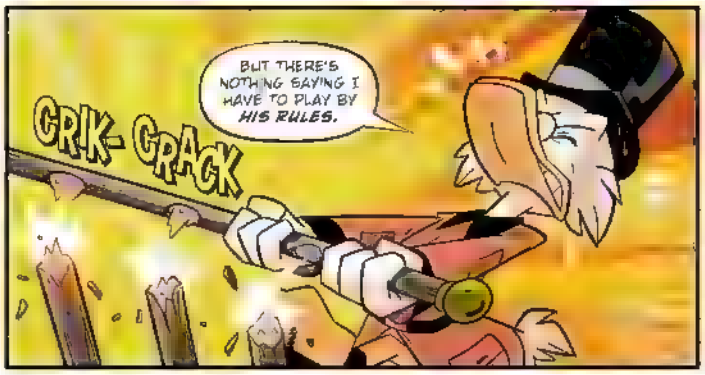
HEY, MAN— WELCOME TO *BURNING DUCK*

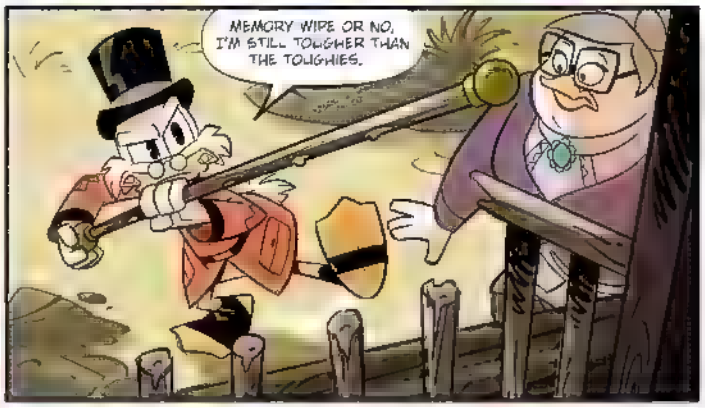
YOU LOOKING FOR THE PARKING AREA OR THE FOOD TRUCKS?

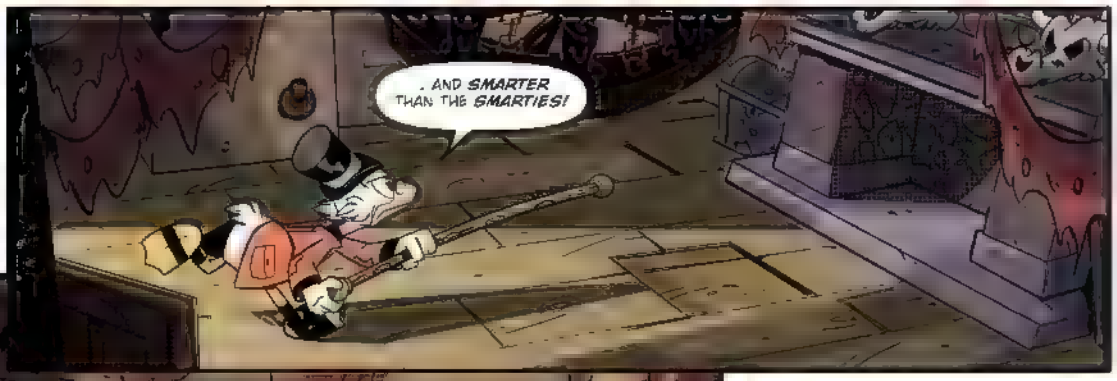




CREEEAK
CAREFUL. THIS FEELS LIKE A TRAP.
IT ALSO LOOKS, SMELLS, AND SOUNDS LIKE A TRAP.
TAKE THE BAIT. IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN REDEEM MYSELF.

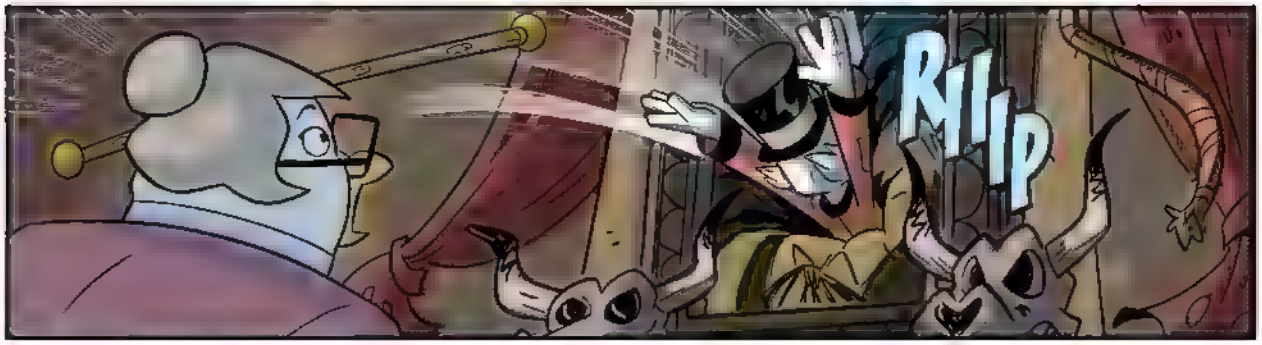

CRIK-CRACK
BUT THERE'S NOTHING SAYING I HAVE TO PLAY BY HIS RULES.


MEMORY WIPE OR NO, I'M STILL TOUGHER THAN THE TOUGHIES.


. AND SMARTER THAN THE SMARTIES!

YOU WON'T TRICK ME WITH THE TRAPDOOR THIS TIME!
CACTUS JACK, I'M COMING FOR YOU!

OHH, SCROOGE THERE'S TAKING THE BAIT, AND THERE'S HAVING IT SERVED ON A SILVER PLATTER.


RIIIP

A REAL PAINTING THIS TIME?
AND A CRAZY ROOM BEHIND IT

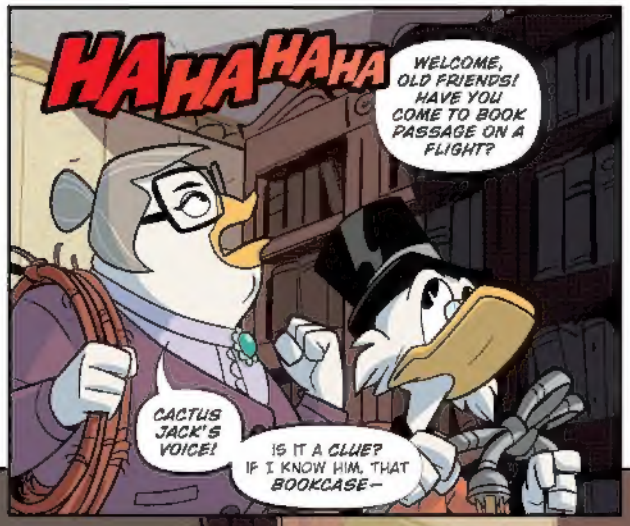
MOST OF THESE DOORS ARE JUST *PAINTED* ON THE *WALLS*.
BUT THIS ONE HAS A *KEY* STICKING OUT OF IT... WHICH MEANS IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT'S NOT A *PAINT JOB*.
HAS HE GIVEN US THE "*KEY*" TO THE WAY OUT, THEN?

HM. LOOKS *COMFORTABLE*, BUT WITH *LUCK*, WE WON'T BE STAYING
PLUNKA PLUNKA PLUNKA PLUNKA PLANK

PLUNKA PLUNKA PLUNKA PLANK
THE SOUND IS *UNBEARABLE*! IT'S *PIERCING*!
IT MUST HAVE AN *ULTRASONIC* TONE!

THERE'S AN EASY FIX. PIANO ROLLS ARE JUST MADE OF PAPER... OF WHICH WATER IS A NATURAL ENEMY!
PLUNKA PLUNKA PLUNKA
GLOG GLUG GLUG GLOG

IF YE DON'T MIND ME ASKIN'... WHAT'RE YE DOING?
S.H.U.S.H. TRAINING. WHILE WE'RE HERE, PULL THE ELECTRICAL CORDS FROM THE LAMPS AND TIE THEM ALL TOGETHER.


HAHAHAHA
WELCOME, OLD FRIENDS! HAVE YOU COME TO BOOK PASSAGE ON A FLIGHT?
CACTUS JACK'S VOICE!
IS IT A CLUE? IF I KNOW HIM, THAT BOOKCASE—

—IS NOT JUST A BOOKCASE. IT'S A BOOK "PASSAGE," GET IT?
TAK

IF HE'S WATCHING US, MAYBE HIS VANTAGE POINT IS ABOVE US!
SCROOGE! I THINK WE'RE BEING SET UP.

ZOOOP
DOESN'T WANT US UPSTAIRS, DOES HE? THAT SUPPORTS MY THEORY THAT THAT'S WHERE HE IS!
HE'S TRYING TO DISCOURAGE US FROM CONFRONTING HIM!
SCRUNK
WHRRRRZZZZ
WHRRRRRRZZZZ
OF COURSE, THIS IS PRETTY DISCOURAGING, TOO!
THUK
EVEN YOUR HAIRPINS HAVE S.H.I.I.S.H. TRAINING!
Sput-Sputter

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HAH! NOW WATCH CAREFULLY!
TINK
TINK

JACK THINKS HE CAN SNEAK BY US AND MAKE HIS ESCAPE!
NOT WHILE I HAVE THE LARIAT I MADE FROM HIS RUG.

"WE WOUND UP USING HIS OWN HOUSE AGAINST THE DESERT-DWELLIN' DESPERADO."

THEN, MY PARTNER TOOK HIM IN FOR A S.H.U.S.H. DEBRIEFING. ~BRR!~ I WOULDNAE WANT TO BE HIM.
ARE YE GITTIN' ALL THIS? CAN'T YE FELLOWS TYPE FASTER?
MR. McDUCK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
IN THE EVENT THAT MRS. BEAKLEY ERASES THIS LATEST EXPLOIT, I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT I HAVE A BACKUP FOR THE ARCHIVE.
SO I'M HAVING IT WRITTEN IN TRIPLICATE!

The End